

H O N E S T Y

Yet to be Found,

A

P O E M

In Praise of

LEICESTER-SHIRE.

---

By J. B.

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Printed at Stamford, Lincolnshire, 1721. .

HONESTY

\*55-399

Yet to be Found

A

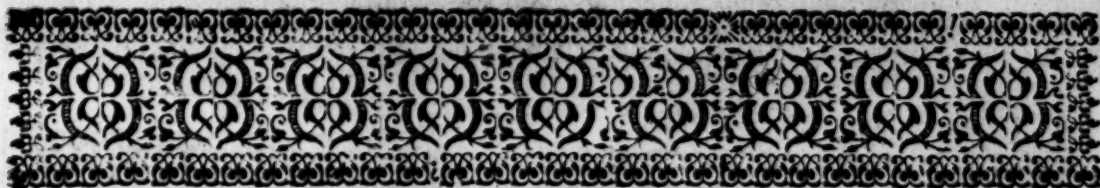
FOR ALL

In Name of

THE PRESIDENT

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



T O

*Sir Woolston Dixie, Bar<sup>nt.</sup>*

The following Lines in Praise of

**LEICESTER-SHIRE,**

Are humbly Inscribed

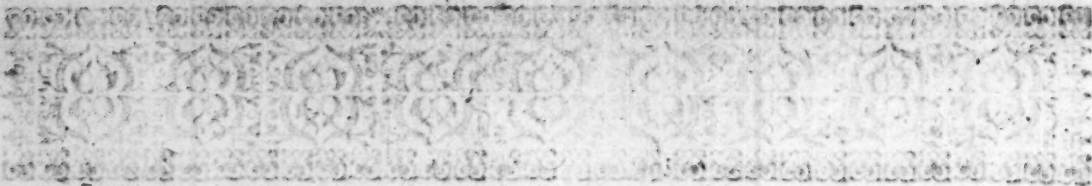
By SIR,

Your most Obedient Servant

*J. B.*

A 2

HONESTY



TO

Sir Woolston Dixie, Bart.

The following Lines in Verse of

LEICESTER-SHIRE

Are humbly Inscribed

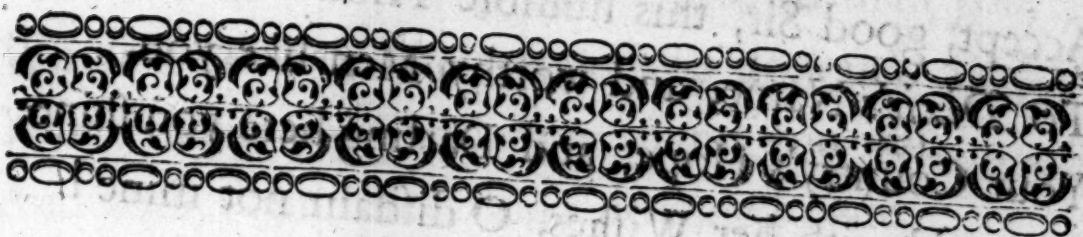
By Sir

Your most Obedient Servant

J. B.

HONESTY

A. 2



# H O N E S T Y

Yet to be Found, &c.



HE grateful \* *Trojan* when kind Fortune  
bore

His wandring Steps to some propitious  
Shore,

Ador'd the sacred Guardians of the Place,  
For Friendship's Rites, and hospitable Grace.

THANKFUL like Him, tho' mean and unrenown'd,  
I pay this Off'ring to *Leiceftrian* Ground.

---

\* *Aeneas's* Reception at *Carthage*.

Accept

Accept, good Sir, this humble Tribute due  
 To *Dixie's* Name, and worthy Men like you.  
 Your Country's Hope, and Darling here you shine,  
 Crown'd with her Wishes, O disdain not mine !  
 Nature adapts your Genius to your Soil;  
 With Joy the glorious Patriots round you smile,  
 Sons of the Church, and true to *Britain's* Isle. }  
 Their own good Principles, they know inspire  
 Your Breast, which burns with such celestial Fire.  
 When young, they fix'd your Honour as their own ;  
 Ardent to love the Mitre and the Crown.

WHAT their auspicious early Care began,  
 \* *Granta* completes, and makes you perfect Man.  
 † *Mildmay's* Foundation glories in your Name,  
 Her House now freed from Puritanic Shame.  
 For \* *Savage* plants a sound and genuine Race  
 To bless their Country, and the Gown to grace.

---

\* *Cambridge.*

† *Emanuel College.*

\*\* *Dr. Savage Master of Emanuel.*

NONE in his Country more belov'd than you,  
 Whose Birth-Day lately found its honour'd Due.  
 Your Friends congratulating round you wait,  
 And wish your Life a long extended Date.  
 The Loss of such they cou'd but ill sustain,  
 Who still remember \* *Munday's* Death with Pain.  
*Munday*, who tho' excluded from his Right  
 In *Britain's* Senate, shares the Realms of Light.  
 Falshood and Faction there no Entrance find,  
 But all is just, and calm as was his Mind.  
 His Aspect Candour rul'd, and on whose Tongue  
 Meekness and Love, with soft Perswasion hung.  
 He painful Sickness bore, with patient Mien;  
 And kept in Death itself, a Mind serene,  
 Where's then thy Sting, O Grave! in Her alone  
 Who lives the chief of Losses to bemoan,  
 And cannot with so unconcern'd an Eye,  
 Behold Her Consort's Tomb, as He cou'd die.

---

\* Mr. *Munday* who stood Candidate for the County of *Leicester*.

L'ESTER in Souls like these can boast her Praise,  
 Souls uncorrupt in our infectious Days;  
 When vile Republicans infest the Land,  
 And curs'd Diffension lifts her impious Hand;  
 When Avarice has spoil'd the Merchant's Trade,  
 The Poor and Honest are still lower laid;  
 And fraudulent Ruine does the Rich invade.  
 The fancy'd Treasures in Opinion toss'd  
 Involv'd in Mists, and sunk in Depths are lost.  
 Yet Luxury still reigns, and Vice caress'd  
 In all her odious Colours stands confess'd;  
 Nor dreads the Terrors that does rage abroad,  
 The just Inflictions of an angry God.  
 Whose Deity's deny'd, contemn'd his Word;  
 And \* Christians boldly trample on their Lord.  
 Screen'd in their Efforts they more impious grow,  
 Nor fear Heaven's Vengeance, freed from that below.

---

\* *Arians.*

OUR

OUR Sion's lofty Tow'rs seem to bend,  
 Her marble Pillars weep, Oh! where's a Friend  
 To quell these Villains whom her Vitals rend.  
 \* *Beaumont* which always did her Head support,  
 Shall crush such Vermin as prophanes her Court.  
 He scorns to side, or act in any Cause,  
 Against the Church, or good Old *England's* Laws.  
 With worthi'st Patriots let Him share Renown,  
 Of antient Stem, for Loyal Vertue known;  
 A Pillar of the Church, and Jewel of the Crown.

But † *Nottingham* the Patron of the Gown,  
 Has struck the awkward vile Enthusiast down;  
 Her Faith's Defender with just Zeal adorn'd  
 The Church shall praise; the Church expos'd and  
 scorn'd,  
 Her Sons to Him their thankful Tribute pay,  
 Tho' Infidelity still makes its Way;  
 And fashionable Vice bears potent Sway.

\* *Sir George Beaumont* Member of Parliament for *Leicester*.

† The Earl of *Nottingham's* Defence of the Trinity.

YET Truth like Him, from whom at first she came,  
Is ever fix'd immutably the same.

Of whom no firmer Advocates remain,  
None more ambitious to adorn her Train,  
Than those whom good Old *L'ester's* Bounds  
contain.

\* *L'ESTER* was honest in those Dregs of Time,  
When Loyalty was term'd the greatest Crime;  
(When Church and State were shatter'd by one stroke,  
Their Beauties prostrate laid; Foundations broke,  
Till the Convulsion to the Centre shook.)  
Her faithful Offspring we with Joy behold;  
A just Resemblance from their Father's Mould.

SOME few this humble Verse presumes to name,  
Nor hopes to give but owe to them, a Fame.

† *Noël* will pardon these defective Lines,  
While with his own the Name of \*\* *Munday* joins;

---

\* County of *L'ester*. † Sir *Cloberry Noël*.

\*\* Mr. *Edward Munday* Brother to the former.

( II )

Noel with Prudence qualify'd and Zeal  
To prop the Church, and aid the publick Weal:  
If e'er our Senate wants another Choice,  
This Land shall honour Noel with her Voice.

L'ESTER thou venerable Body, hail!  
Where no Fanatic Round-head Schemes prevail.  
(Whose easie Moderation can comply  
To lay the sacred Crown and Mitre by;  
And nothing but the Church and King deny.)  
Thy Priests with Honesty and Learning fraught,  
Their Flock in Vertue's Principles have taught.  
Integrity here keeps her awful Seat;  
Nor crys up sham Sincerity to cheat.

L'ESTER disdains t' admit a double Heart  
With her good Magistrates to bear 2 Part.  
Her worthy \* *Prætor* well his Office knows,  
Honours the Church, and dares repel her Foes.

---

\* The Mayor of Leicester.

His Brethren shews what Unity can do;  
 They with it to the Church, and give Example too.  
 May such Examples daily farther spread;  
 And then again shall *Britain* raise his Head.

Then wealthy Robbers shall not spoil the State,  
 Unpunish'd to deride the Nation's Hate;  
 But meet their just and ignominious Fate.

The Church with awful Terror shall look down  
 On those vile Sons who now Pow'r disown;  
 And equally despise her Love or Frown,

BUT while the willing Muse her Tribute pays,  
 And by these Patriots Names her own wou'd raise,  
 She gladly owns her Homage for the Fair,  
 Whose Vertues claim a better Muse's Care;  
 From that bright Sex my Fortune casts me low,  
 I gaze, I tremble, and at distance bow;  
 Yet one, I fain wou'd hope, will give me leave,  
 To speak her Worth, which can't its Due receive.

If Beauty can inspire, with Vertue join'd,  
 A lovely Person and consummate Mind,  
 Some lofty Genius shall of \* *Alleyn* sing,  
 And raise that Name on Fame's sublimest Wing.  
 What happy Hero of a worthy Line  
 For such a Treasure, do the Fates design?  
 Thrice happy He whom Love's propitious Fire  
 Shall bless with Her whom all Mankind admire,  
 Whose spotless Vertue, and accomplish'd Mein,  
 Attract the Souls of all, where e'er she's seen:  
 May her bright Merits find their just Success;  
 Great are her Vertues, be her Joys no less,  
 And Heav'n the pious Fair with all its Bounty bless.

THUS while Great *Dixie's* Welcome is express'd,  
 To ev'ry Friend that joins his genial Feast,  
 My Muse entreats he'll grant her mean Essay  
 Acceptance in th' Epistolary Way.

---

\* *Mrs. Mary Alleyn of Greasley in Leicestershire.*

Her sole Ambition, Sir, is to appear  
 The Worthies of your Country to revere;  
 And with the *Brittish* Nation may abound,  
 With true and gen'rous Souls, like those on *L'estrian*  
 Ground.




( 15 )

On the

B I R T H - D A Y  
O F

Mrs. MARY ALLEYN of Greasley,

August 17, 1721.

N the soft Wings of Light, the glorious Morn,  
Auspicious rose to see *Aurelia* born.  
The Planetary Worlds that roll above,  
The Constellations all to *Greasley* move.  
There watch observant of the sacred Hour,  
And on her Head their kindest Influence pour,

Oh ! could the Muse in proper Sounds convey;  
To all Mankind, the Blessings of that Day.  
The list'ning Earth shou'd with Amazement hear,  
First the surprising Beaut'ys of the Fair ;  
The officious Muse wou'd every Feature trace,  
From the first Infant dawning of her Face.  
To its full Splendor its Meridian height,  
There shew *Aurelia*, more than Mortal bright,  
Fair as the Cherubin, and lovely as the Light.

}  
But

But still the weightiest Labour lies behind,  
 What Tongue can tell the Wonders of her Mind?  
 Oh! let some Angel on the Fair look down,  
 And sing divine Perfections like his own.  
 There he shall find a Soul serene and even;  
 A Soul as bright and calm as his own Heav'n.  
 He'll find a Spirit cloath'd in Flesh and Blood,  
 Pure as himself, intelligent and good.  
 Up then immortal Spirit, string the Lyre!  
 Do Justice to the Fair, and bid the World admire.  
 Conceal no part, but boldly tell her Worth,  
 Examine all her Life, call every Action forth.  
 Let the kind Hand which succours the Distress'd  
 (Poor Men by too severe a Fortune press'd!  
 To distant Realms, and World's too stand confess'd.  
 Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs look down with watchful Eye,  
 On this *Aurelia* who'll adorn your Sky,  
 And add new Lustre to your Galaxy.

**F I N I S.**